

Necessity

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/2084145) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/2084145>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter , Will Graham , Jack Crawford , Brian Zeller
Additional Tags:	Hannigram - Freeform , Fluff , Insecurity , Sleepy Cuddles , Holding Hands , Kissing , Hannibal is Hannibal , Kidnapping
Language:	English
Collections:	Wendigo & Stag
Stats:	Published: 2014-08-05 Completed: 2015-04-01 Words: 5,323 Chapters: 4/4

Necessity

by [Fannibalistic](#)

Summary

Will and Hannibal find themselves stuck in a motel for the night.

Notes

This one is all insecure Will, reassuring Hanni and my first fluff only fic in a while :) Came to me as I was falling asleep last night :)

Hope you guys like it :)

Chapter 1

Will couldn't imagine a more socially awkward situation to be in right now. After driving for miles on a wild goose chase, looking for a suspect in the new case that Jack had assigned them to, he and Hannibal had run out of gas. They'd pulled into a gas station that had an adjoining motel and as it was nearly midnight and they were both too tired to keep driving they'd agreed to stay overnight. The problem was that the only available room had a double bed.

Sensing how awkward Will felt, Hannibal spoke up. "I will take the floor Will,"

"No doctor, I wouldn't feel right. I'll sleep on the floor, you take the bed. " Will picked up a pillow and blanket to try and get settled on the carpet.

"Or there's the third option."

"Third option?" Will swallowed hard, already knowing what Hannibal was going to suggest.

"We're both adults, we're friends. I think sharing a bed for one night out of necessity would be acceptable."

"I...wouldn't feel comfortable with that doctor."

"Because I'm a man?"

"Because you're my friend. And....I'm not used to sharing my bed with anyone to be honest." He felt a blush creeping over his face. " It doesn't happen very often."

"I understand. And I wouldn't want you to feel uncomfortable Will. But I would like you to have a good nights sleep and I don't believe you're going to get that on the hard floor."

Will nodded in reluctant agreement. "You're right..." He put the pillow and blanket back on the bed.

Hannibal took off his watch, placed it on the bedside table and started to take off his suit and tie. Will turned away, unsure why he felt the overwhelming urge to look back and watch him. He unbuttoned his own check shirt and slipped it off his shoulders, tossing it onto a chair, then hesitated for a second before undoing his pants and stepping out of them. When he turned back, Hannibal was already getting in the bed, wearing a thin undershirt and boxers, just like Will.

Hannibal turned on his side, facing the wall, not wanting to make Will feel anymore uneasy with further eye contact right now. When he felt Will climb in, he reached out for the lamp on the bedside table and turned it off. "Goodnight Will."

"Goodnight doctor."

Three hours later, Will woke suddenly, gasping for breath and sweating profusely. He'd dreamt of the stag again.

"Will? Will?" Hannibal put a hand on Will's damp chest, "You're safe, I'm right here."

Involuntarily Will grabbed hold of Hannibal's hand, holding onto it tightly then realised what he was doing. "I'm sorry...I..."

"It's ok William, you can hold onto me. " Hannibal laid down again by Will's side. "Ground yourself in the moment."

Will took a deep breath. "My name is Will Graham," He looked across at the illuminated clock on the bedside table, "It's 3am, I'm in some godforsaken motel in the middle of nowhere...and I'm holding my psychiatrists hand." He couldn't help laughing at the situation he was in.

Hannibal smirked. "Ok...you're present. That's good."

"This doesn't seem awkward for you at all."

"It isn't. I'm extremely comfortable in your presence Will."

Will smiled, "That doesn't happen very often. Someone feeling comfortable around me. I should probably let go now."

"You don't have to."

Licking his lips Will turned his head to look at Hannibal across the pillows, his mouth was suddenly dry. "Are you suggesting we lay like this all night?"

"I'm suggesting that if it helps you sleep soundly...I will hold you until you drift off."

Will was so tired, he wanted nothing more than to fall asleep again and to feel safe. "I'm drenched in sweat doctor, do you really want to do that?" Will said, laughing weakly.

Hannibal couldn't imagine anything else he wanted more right now than to hold Will in his arms as he fell asleep. "Yes. It doesn't bother me Will. And I might even sleep better too."

Will stayed looking at him for a few moments, taking in the soft reassuring smile on his face as the moonlight streamed in through a crack in the curtain. He nodded then turned on his side, facing away from Hannibal, who let him get settled then slipped a strong arm around him, enveloping Will with a warmth and safety that he'd never experienced before.

"Ok Will?"

"Yes." He almost whispered. This wasn't what he'd expected to happen when they'd embarked on this case, but he couldn't deny he was comfortable. So comfortable. And as he fell into a deep and peaceful sleep, Will wondered why exactly he felt so content, lying here in doctor Lecter's arms.

The Morning After

Chapter Summary

Will wakes up in Hannibal's arms, not sure what this means for their friendship.

Chapter Notes

Well this was only going to be a one shot, but some of you wanted more and I'm happy to oblige :) I've also started a third chapter which should be done soon too :) Hope you guys like it! (There are more Hannigram cuddles to come in chapter 3, I promise) ;)

Will blinked slowly as he woke up, taking in his surroundings. There was a warmth around him that wasn't just the bed covers. He looked down to see that doctor Lecter was still holding him, his strong, protective arm still enclosing Will in a comforting embrace. Hannibal stirred behind him as Will looked back, greeted by a sight so surprisingly graceful and enticing, he almost lost his breath: Doctor Lecter waking up.

Hannibal blinked away the dream laden look in his eyes. "Good morning Will."

"Good morning doctor."

He gently moved his arm from Will's body as he stretched out to lay flat on his back next to him. The other arm was still draped lightly on Will's shoulder.

"It would appear that I fell asleep also and didn't let go of you. Sorry Will."

"It's ok doctor. I'm...glad you slept well too." Will managed a smile in spite of his awkwardness.

"Too? So you slept soundly?"

"It was the best night's sleep I've had in...a long time."

Hannibal smiled, "Good, I'm glad it worked." He got out of bed and ran a hand through his silver streaked hair, attempting to make it a little less unkempt. "Would you like to use the shower first Will?"

"You can go first, I'll call Jack and check in. See if there's anything new on this case."

Hannibal nodded, picked up his neatly folded clothes and made his way to the small ensuite bathroom. As he heard the shower, Will's mind wandered to imagine what the man on the other side of the door looked like right now, hot water raining down upon his bare body, his slightly tanned skin flushed red from the heat. Will shook his head to clear the image from his mind and dialled Jack's number on his cellphone as he got out of bed. There was nothing new on the case and he didn't sound happy when Will told him that they'd come up with no new leads on this road trip.

"Make your way back and I'll speak to you and doctor Lecter tomorrow Will."

He hung up and Will was already dreading tomorrow's meeting in Jack's office. There was a click of the bathroom door opening behind him and Will turned to see Hannibal emerge from the room looking immaculate. Fully suited up and not a hair out of place.

"All yours Will."

It took a second for Will to register that he meant the bathroom. "Uh..thanks...I won't be long and then we can get going." He gathered up his clothes from the chair and walked past Hannibal into the bathroom. As Will let the water from the shower cascade onto his skin, he wondered what, if anything, last night had meant to doctor Lecter.

Once he'd gotten dressed and walked back into the room, Hannibal was sat on the chair near the bed waiting patiently for him. He looked up and smiled. "Were you able to speak to Jack earlier?"

"Yeah, there aren't any further leads and he wasn't exactly elated that we haven't come up with anything either. He wants to see us tomorrow."

"I see."

The drive back was quiet and uneventful. The silence wasn't uncomfortable but there was something there, something tangible hanging in the air between them.

Will pulled up outside Hannibal's house, and they turned to smile at each other.

"See you tomorrow Will."

"For our meeting full of fun and laughter with Jack?"

Hannibal smirked, "Indeed. I can hardly wait." He got out of the car, waving once before he went inside.

On the drive back to Wolf Trap, Will found himself playing the events of last night over in his mind. When he finally arrived home he was exhausted from driving and thinking but he fed his dogs then made himself dinner, a fish he'd caught a couple of days ago and put in the fridge, with steamed vegetables. He poured himself a small glass of whiskey afterwards, sat with Buster in his lap and the other dogs haphazardly arranged at his feet, and wondered how he would sleep tonight. When he eventually got undressed and climbed into bed, trying to

settle, all he could think about was how safe he'd felt last night, how comfortable he'd been both physically and mentally. And as he pulled the covers over himself and curled up alone in the double bed, Will was struck by how much he missed the warmth of doctor Lecter's arms wrapped around him.

>

Better With You

Chapter Summary

Will can't quite forget that night in the motel, and can't shake off the feeling that he's missing something when Hannibal isn't around.

Chapter Notes

So this was going to be the final chapter...but now I'm not so sure I can leave this one! ;)

Hope you guys like it, especially those of you who wanted more of this story :)

"I can't help feeling like we're missing something here."

Jack sat across from Will and Hannibal in his office, his furrowed brow making him look temporarily older than he was.

"The trail's gone cold Jack." Will sighed. He was doing his best but the way Jack was talking, it was as if he wasn't trying to solve this case at all.

"I need more from you Will."

Will was about to open his mouth in some kind of protest when Hannibal interceded.

"I can assure you Jack, we've left no stone unturned. Will has employed all of his skills in empathy and deduction, and I have assisted in my capacity as a consultant. We just don't have enough to go on."

Jack nodded, took a deep breath and then exhaled. "Thank you for your time doctor Lecter. I'll call you again if any new evidence comes to light."

Nodding once, Hannibal got up. "Goodbye for now Jack."

"I have a lecture to get to, I'll walk with you doctor." Will was just relieved to get out of the meeting. When they got outside he said quietly, "Thank you...for what you said in there."

"No thanks necessary Will, Jack is pushing you too hard."

Will couldn't argue, so he didn't say anything in response.

"I'll see you for our session tomorrow?"

"Yes, I'll be there." Will smiled, his heart lifting a little at the thought of sitting in Hannibal's office again.

Smiling back, Hannibal said goodbye then headed for the car park. And as Will watched him walk away, he felt an unfamiliar yearning and a dull ache in his chest.

That night, Hannibal sat in the armchair in his kitchen reading and sipping Cabernet Sauvignon when there was a knock at the door. He glanced at the clock on the wall: 11.15pm. There was only one person who could possibly be in need of speaking to him at this hour and knew his home address. Will Graham.

He made his way to the front door and opened it. "Will, I wasn't expecting to see you."

"No I...hope it's ok that I'm stopping by at this hour."

"Of course," Hannibal smiled broadly and stood aside for him. "You're always welcome in my home."

Will walked through to the kitchen and Hannibal poured him a glass of wine.

"Is everything ok Will?"

"I was playing what Jack said over in my mind when I got home tonight and then I just couldn't settle." This was at least partially true. What Will had chosen to leave out however, was that he also couldn't stop thinking about Hannibal, and their night at the motel.

"Understandable. He was very...inflexible today. He's asking too much of you Will."

"And I'm asking too much of myself."

"Indeed. How did you sleep last night?"

Will sighed, reluctant to tell Hannibal how badly he'd actually slept. "Not well."

Hannibal nodded and took another sip of wine. "Perhaps, it would be advisable for you to stay here tonight."

Will looked at him, surprised but secretly pleased at the suggestion. "You mean...uhh...like the other night, in the motel?"

"Yes. You said that it was the best night's sleep you'd had in ages. Wouldn't you like to repeat that?"

"I would....very much but..."

"Is everything taken care of at home?"

"Yes I fed my dogs and walked them before I left tonight but...."

"So, there's nothing stopping you."

"No, but.... we can't really do that again...can we doctor?"

"I think we can. Right now Will, the most important thing is making sure you get some peaceful sleep."

Will took a gulp of wine, tasting it but also needing the kick of alcohol. "We'd be...sleeping in your bed?"

"Yes. I understand that this an unusual suggestion, but I want to help you."

Will nodded, "And I appreciate that doctor."

"Are you tired now Will?"

"Very."

"Would you like to go up? I'm very tired myself, I've had a long day."

Will was only just getting used to the idea of sleeping at doctor Lecter's house, sharing his bed, but he nodded anyway. "Uhh...yeah sure...ok.." He put his wine glass down as Hannibal did the same then made their way out of the kitchen and up the staircase, Will getting more nervous with each step he took. Hannibal opened the door to his bedroom and Will's eyes widened in surprise. He'd expected grand but this was something else. "It's very big doctor."

"I prefer to sleep in a large space." He smiled, "Do you like it Will?"

"Yes..it's...actually very calming, the décor and..." he trailed off as his eyes fell on the king size bed.

Hannibal followed his gaze. "If you feel too uncomfortable Will we don't have to do this. I don't recommend you drive home while you're this tired but I have a guest room down the hallway."

Will shook his head slowly. "I don't think I'd sleep as soundly doctor, it..." he felt a blush creep across his face, "...was because of you that I slept so well last time. Because you held me."

"I'm pleased to have had that effect on you William." He walked closer to Will, "I believe that I slept more soundly because I was holding you too."

Will looked up from the floor, surprised. "Oh...well that's good to know." He smiled shyly back at Hannibal.

"I would offer you some pyjamas but I remember from that morning when you answered the door to me in your underwear that you prefer minimal clothing to sleep in."

Will blushed again. "Yes...yeah I do."

Hannibal nodded, still smiling. He turned from Will and started to busy himself with turning off a couple of lamps and taking off his robe, allowing Will some privacy to undress. He left his clothes on an ornate chair near the bed and climbed in, pulling the covers over himself. Hannibal got in after him and turned off the lamp on the bedside table. The moonlight streamed in through the curtains, bathing the room in a soft natural light. Will hesitated for a second as Hannibal turned, ready to embrace him as he'd done at the motel.

"Ok Will?"

"Yeah." He turned on his side and Hannibal moved to envelop him with his strong arms. It felt as safe and wonderful for Will as it had the other night. And for Hannibal, it felt like perfection.

"Goodnight Will."

"Goodnight doctor."

They both slept peacefully for a few hours, but at around 4 am Will stirred partially awake with the sudden overwhelming urge to see Hannibal's face. He turned as discreetly as possible, not wanting to wake the doctor but he opened his eyes slowly and smiled at Will.

"Bad dream?"

Will smiled, "No..I...just wanted to see your face." He blushed in the dark, but Hannibal could see his skin redden in the moonlight.

"I see."

Their fingertips touched on the pillow. Will tentatively moved his hand forward, intertwining fingers with Hannibal. He gazed back at Will and put his other hand up to softly stroke the younger man's face. Will reached up and touched Hannibal's hand, stroking it with his thumb. Because Will didn't pull away Hannibal moved his head forward, planting a gentle kiss on his

soft lips. Will lay there for moment, then leaned forward kissing Hannibal back just as gently. It was slow, and intimate, both men getting lost in kisses so pure and loving. Will trailed his fingertips along Hannibal's neck moving down to undo the top button of his pyjama shirt. When Hannibal didn't stop him, he continued, undoing every button and opening the shirt to see his chest. Hannibal sat up and slipped the shirt off as Will sat up next to him and pulled his own t-shirt over his head. They moved forward at the same time kissing each other just as softly as before, but letting their hands wander now. Hannibal ran his hand lightly over Will's smooth chest, fingertips grazing his nipples making them instantly harder as Will moaned so softly, almost inaudibly, into their kiss. He stroked Hannibal's stomach with the back of his hand, feeling the little protrusion on his otherwise toned body, then moved up enjoying the sensation of the doctors chest hair under his fingers.

"I...want to feel your skin on mine when you hold me this time."

Hannibal nodded, then stroked a hand through Will's dark curls moving down to his neck, holding on and kissing him deeper this time. He pushed Will gently back down on the bed and wrapped his arms around him as Will curled up in his warm embrace. He felt Hannibal's skin, soft and kindled against his own, radiating protection. Will still wasn't sure what exactly was happening between them, but he knew it felt right.

"Goodnight Will."

Will sighed contentedly, closing his eyes. "Goodnight Hannibal."

Stay

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will wake up together, again. But unexpected events take over a supposedly quiet day.....

Chapter Notes

Ok, so it's been FOREVER since I updated this one, sorry to anyone who's been waiting and wondering what might happen next!! I've had it half written for months but it's hard to keep up with fics and real life.

Really hope you guys like it, I've worked hard on this chapter to try and capture the whole scenario that was in my mind, and it's a lot more dramatic and action packed than I'm used to writing ;)

Will awoke to the delicious smell of pancakes. Stretching and yawning, he looked across at the empty space on the bed where Hannibal had been next to him all night, keeping him safe and calm.

After slipping on his pants, he padded downstairs and into the kitchen, leaning silently against the doorframe, looking at Hannibal's broad shoulders and strong back as he moved gracefully around his kitchen.

"How long are you going to stand there and watch me William?"

Will smiled to himself, "How long have you known I was here doctor?"

"Since you got there." Hannibal turned around, smiling. "Come and sit down. I made you my special pancakes."

"And what's so special about them?" Will asked as he followed Hannibal through to the dining room and sat next to him.

"The secret ingredient."

"Which is?"

"If told you that it wouldn't be a secret now would it?" Hannibal smirked as he loaded Will's plate with the pancakes, watching for his reaction as he took a first bite.

"Oh, my God. Did you make these or order in from heaven?"

"You're too kind Will."

They sat in comfortable silence for a few moments, enjoying breakfast, before Will decided to hesitantly broach the subject that was on his mind.

"Are we....going to talk about last night?"

"Would you like to?"

"That's such a psychiatrist thing to do. Answer a question with a question. Are you going to ask me how that makes me feel too?"

Hannibal smirked, "And how does it make you feel Will?"

"How does it make you feel?"

"Privileged."

Will looked at him, his brow almost furrowing in confusion at the word.

"To share my bed with you, is a privilege William." Hannibal smiled softly at Will, the expression on his face, a smile that was mixture of surprise and awkwardness, showed just how unused to be spoken to like this he really was. "And what are your plans for today?"

"I need to go home and feed my dogs, then I have another meeting with Jack and I'm giving a lecture. How about you? Busy morning?"

"I have a couple of appointments before lunch. Perhaps then, we could have lunch together?"

Will smiled, his awkwardness dissipating again. "I'd like that."

After breakfast, Will returned to Hannibal's room, to finish getting dressed. He picked up his shirt from the chair he'd left it on last night, and felt an arm slip around his waist from behind, pulling him closer.

"Let me walk you to the door."

"I think I can manage to find my way to your front door without any major catastrophes. Unless.... that's just a ruse to spend a little extra time with me?"

"And what if it was?"

Well..." Will turned around, smirking a little as he kissed Hannibal softly, still locked in his embrace. "... I wouldn't complain that's for sure. "

"Hmm...good to know." Hannibal took his hand and they made their way downstairs, where he took Will's jacket from a hook and helped him on with it. Will smiled to himself at the gallant gesture.

"See you at lunch." Hannibal said, kissing him one more time.

"I'm looking forward to it."

By early afternoon Will had left a couple of messages on Hannibal's voicemail but he hadn't answered, and although he told himself that he was probably just very busy with his patients and didn't have time for lunch after all, flashes of doubt echoed through his mind. Maybe he was regretting what they'd done, perhaps now he'd had time to think about it, he'd realised they were getting too close... maybe...maybe...

"Doctor Lecter is missing."

Will was startled from his thoughts by Jack's voice and his heart sank to the pit of his stomach. "He's...what?"

"Missing. He missed two appointments with regular patients this morning and they both called the police because it's so unlike him."

Zeller and Bev walked in holding sheets of paper, "Just got word from Baltimore PD they found his car on the side of a road, signs of a struggle."

"Where?" Will asked a little more loudly than he'd planned to and they all turned to look at him, somewhat surprised.

"Uhh..." Zeller flipped through the notes, but Will grabbed them from him and looked for himself, frustrated at how much time was passing already.

"Well what are we waiting for? Let's go Jack."

"Can you give us a minute?" Jack gestured to the door and Bev nodded before leaving with Zeller, muttering under his breath.

"Is there something I should know Will?"

"Like what?"

"How close are you and Dr Lecter exactly?"

"He's my friend."

"And a colleague. And your therapist, in some capacity."

"Yes, thank you Jack, I'm aware of that."

"If you have a more than professional interest in this case, you need to recuse yourself Will."

"If this was Bella, would you take a step back?"

"I've been married to Bella for many years. It's hardly the same." He looked closely at Will's face, trying to read him. "Or is it?"

"I'm gonna find him." Will said firmly, not making eye contact and certainly not answering the question as he hurried towards the door.

"Will!"

"How come my unique skill set is useful to you, vital even, when you choose to use it and not when I choose? If you think I'm going to just sit here twiddling my thumbs in a lecture hall while he's out there, then...maybe you don't know me at all Jack."

Jack thought for a few seconds that seemed to last an eternity to Will as he stood with his hand on the door handle. "Alright. But I'm driving."

Arriving at the roadside a while later, Will felt a knot tighten in his stomach at the sight of the crime scene tape. This time it wasn't for some random, unfortunate victim. It was for Hannibal. "What was he even doing out here?"

"Exactly what I was wondering." Jack frowned, looking at Hannibal's Bentley with the drivers side door still wide open. "Alright, clear this area!" He yelled at the nearby officers and forensic investigators.

Will closed his eyes seeing the familiar pendulum of light swing past his closed lids in the almost dark. "I...catch him by surprise. At least I think I do...but he struggles. I've underestimated the man came so close to discovering me....discovering my...hiding place. I...subdue him, eventually....and..."

Will opened his eyes suddenly, breathing hard, trying to stay calm and focused, despite the horror he'd just perpetrated by proxy.

"What do you see Will?"

Looking beyond Jack, he searched the snowy, desolate horizon, till his gaze fell on a roof, barely visible. But definitely there. He hurried forward suddenly, across the fields, without answering and Jack followed, calling for other officers to join him. As they got closer, an old dilapidated farmhouse came into view. Jack silently gestured for the uniformed officers to go into the main house, indicating that he was going to take the perimeter as Will went inside the barn.

The building was dark and dank, shards of light breaking through gaps in the disintegrating wood on the boarded up windows. Will moved forward slowly, cautiously, hearing only his own breaths echo in the darkness, until he heard it, the voice he was hoping for.

"Will!"

Hurrying towards Hannibal's muffled yell, Will suddenly stopped at the sight before him. Hannibal was on his knees, looking disorientated but thankfully unhurt. A man stood behind him, tall and shabbily dressed, with a shock of blonde hair, shaggy and unkempt.

"FBI! Put the weapon down!"

The blonde man held the knife closer to Hannibal's neck, piercing the skin, a small drop of blood trickled from the cut and fell to the floor.

"Drop the knife! Now!"

But he just clenched his hand tighter around the handle, white knuckles glaring brightly at Will, a moment of clarity before the man started to pull the knife back, ready to tear the flesh on Hannibal's neck. Will shot once. Then again, hitting the man in the shoulder, then neck sending him crashing to the floor followed by Hannibal. Will rushed forward, catching him and kicking away the knife from the dying man on the ground.

"Hannibal!" Will held him in his arms, searching for a sign of injury to explain how limp and disorientated he was.

Hannibal managed to raise his arm and utter something as his eyelids fluttered closed.

"He....injected...."

Will saw the needle marks on his skin, and held him closer, cradling him in his strong arms as Jack and the officers ran in somewhere behind him.

"Stay with me, ok Hannibal....stay with me."

"The nurses tell me that you're insisting on checking yourself out."

The next day, Jack and Will stood in a hospital room looking at a seemingly recovered Doctor Lecter now much more himself, in control and obviously eager to leave the hospital.

"Yes." Hannibal stood up from the bed and put his tailored jacket on. "I'm perfectly fine Jack, and I'd prefer to recuperate in my own home."

"Can I at least arrange some transport to take you home, doctor?"

"Thank you Jack, but Will is going to drive me home."

Jack looked from Hannibal to Will and back again, sighing heavily. "Of course he is."

There was something in his tone, something Will had heard yesterday during their discussion about his relationship with Hannibal, and he wondered if Hannibal could hear it too. "We identified the man who attacked you, and from what we can gather he's responsible for the murders you've both been investigating recently. I'm still curious doctor, as to how you suddenly got so close to him after the trail had gone cold?"

"It was just a hunch, I was on my way back to one of the more nearby places Will and I had visited on our investigation...and then it happened. He came out of nowhere."

"Walking?"

"Yes."

"But there were no tyre marks on the road, no sign that you swerved to avoid someone."

"Jack..." Will began, " It's only been a few hours, can't you take a statement later?" Although he'd been wondering the same things himself.

"It's ok Will." Hannibal smiled slightly as he picked up his coat and put it on. " I understand that Jack requires answers. I'd pulled over to look at a map, and he appeared, and dragged me from the car."

Jack nodded, seemingly satisfied. For now. "Well, you should get some rest doctor. Come in tomorrow and we'll take your full statement then."

The drive back to Hannibal's house was quiet, Will wasn't sure what to say and Hannibal was obviously tired and not nearly as recovered as he was making out.

"My cookery skills aren't up to much but you're in no state to start making one of your extravagant dinners tonight." Will watched with concern as Hannibal sat in the armchair in his kitchen, wincing slightly as he smiled up at him.

"I'm sure it would be a wonderful meal but I'm really not hungry Will."

"I think you should eat something."

"Are you looking after me now William?"

"Absolutely doctor."

Hannibal sighed, still smiling. "Alright, I suppose I could eat something."

"Good," Will nodded, and a smile played across his lips as he turned towards the fridge and started taking out two steaks and some vegetables. "Because 'something' just happens to be my speciality."

Hannibal leaned back in his chair at the dining table, looking across at Will. "That was a remarkably delicious 'something'."

"Told you." Will smirked, tilting his head to one side as he sipped slowly from his wine glass. "I think you need some proper sleep, in your own bed." He said, noticing how drawn Hannibal still looked. There was a nod in response, so he rose from his seat and took their plates out to the kitchen, Hannibal following him out a few moments later, pausing in the doorway to watch him as Will had done the previous morning.

"Will you....stay tonight?"

"I wasn't going anywhere." Will took his hand, walking with him slowly up the staircase and into his grand bedroom. Hannibal sat on the bed, sinking heavily into the the mattress, and started to unbutton his shirt.

"Here, let me." Will gently moved his hands from the fabric and helped him undress, unzipping his pants and pulling them off, folding every garment and laying it on a chair, as Hannibal would.

Will undid his own plaid shirt and slipped it off, Hannibal pulled him closer and rested his head on Will's stomach, hearing his heartbeat all the way down in his gut. Will ran a hand gently through through his hair, taking a deep breath as Hannibal looked up at him, both men grounded in the intimacy of the moment.

Climbing into bed a few moments later, Will turned off the light, and they lay there facing each other and holding hands, Will's arm draped over Hannibal's shoulder, lightly stroking his skin.

"In those moments that I believed would be my final ones, I thought of my childhood in Lithuania, I heard a symphony playing me to my demise....and I thought of you. My last thought in this life.... was you Will."

Will's eyes shone in the dark.

"Thank you. For saving my life."

"You don't need to thank me."

"I do." Hannibal kissed him softly, "I want to. You risked your life for me, and...we both know why. I would do the same."

Will nodded, the words unsaid resounded in his ears. They both knew what was happening, how swift this descent was.

"Stay with me." Hannibal whispered as he held Will closer.

"Where else would I go?"

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